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"THAT GOVERNMENT IS BEST WHICH GOVERNS LEAST."

[IN ADVANCE,

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## Miscellany.

### SIMON SUGGS, THE SHIFTY MAN.

BY JOHNSON J. HOOVER, ESQ.

[A series of sketches of one Capt. Suggs, late captain of the Tallapoosa Volunteers, are being published in the *East-Adrianian*. In the first number, Simon, then a boy, was caught by his father—"a hard-shell" Baptist preacher—"in the act of playing 'old sledge' (seven-up) with a negro boy named Bill, for which the old man, with a handful of hickory sticks, threatens to take the bark off of both of them, and marches them off to 'the mulberry tree,' the scene of all formal punishment administered during work hours in the field. It is at "the mulberry" the present sketch opens.]

It must not be supposed that, during the walk to the place of punishment. Simon's mind was either inactive, or engaged in suggesting the grimaces and contortions wherewith he was pantomimically expressing his irreverent sentiments towards his father. Far from it. The movement of his limbs and features were the more workings of habit—the self-grinding of the corporeal machine—for which his reasoning half was only remotely responsible. For while Simon's person was thus, on its own account, "making game" of old Jedediah, his wits, in view of the anticipated flogging, were dashing, springing, bounding, darting about, in hot chase of some expedient suitable to the necessities of the case—much after the manner in which puss, when Betty, armed with the broom, and holy seeking vengeance for the pantry robbed, has closed upon her the garret doors and windows, attempts all sorts of impossible exits, to come down at last in the corner, with panting side and glaring eye, exhausted and defenceless.—Our unfortunate hero could devise nothing by which he could reasonably expect to escape the heavy blows of his father. Having arrived at this conclusion and at "the mulberry" about the same time, he stood, with a dogged look, awaiting the issue.

The old man Suggs made no remark to any one while he was seizing up Bill—a process which, though by no means novel to Simon, seemed to excite in him a sort of painful interest. He watched it closely, as if to learn the precise fashion of his father's knot; and when, at last, Bill was strung up a-tiptoe to a limb, and the whipping commenced, Simon's eye followed every movement of his father's arm; and as each blow descended upon the bare shoulders of his sable friend, his own body writhed and "wriggled" in involuntary sympathy.

"It's the devil, it's hell," said Simon to himself, "to take such a wallopin' as that. Why, the old man looks as if he wanted to get to the holler, if he could—rot his pieter! It's wuth, at least, fifty cents—je-e-miny, how that hurt!—yes, it's wuth three-quarters of a dollar to take that 'ere lickin'! Wonder if I'm 'predestinated,' as old Jedediah says, to get the feller to it? Lord, how daddy blows! I do wish to God he'd bust right open, the durned old deer-face! If 'twas't for Ben helpin' him, I b'lieve I'd give the old feller a tussle when it comes to my turn. It couldn't make the thing no wuss if it didn't make it no better. 'D rot it! what do boys have daddies for, any how? 'Taint for nuthin' but just to beat 'em and work 'em. There's some use in mamnies—I kin poke my finger right in the old 'oman's eye, and keep it thar, and if I say it aint thar, she'll say taint thar too. I wish she was here to hold daddy off. If 'twas't no fur, I'd holler for her, any how. How she'd cling to the old fellow's coat tail!"

Mr. Jedediah Suggs let down Bill, and

untied him. Approaching Simon whose coat was off, "Come Simon, son," said he, "cross them hands; I'm gwine to correct you."

"It aint no use, daddy," said Simon.

"Why so, Simon?"

"Just becase it aint. I'm gwine to play cards as long as I live. When I go off to myself I'm gwine to make a livin' by it. So what's the use of beatin' me about it?"

Old Mr. Suggs groaned, as he was wont to do in the pulpit, at this exhibition of Simon's viciousness.

"Simon," said he, "you're a poor ignorant creetur. You don't know nothin' and you've been no whars. If I was to turn you off, you'd starve in a week—"

"I wish you'd try me," said Simon.

"And just see. I'd win more money in a week than you can make in a year. Thar aint nobody round here can make seed corn off o' me at cards. I'm late smart at it," he added, with great emphasis.

"Simon! Simon! you poor unlettered fool. Don't you know that all card-players and cock-fighters and horse-racers go to hell? You crack-brained creetur! you!

And don't you know that them play cards always lose their money, and—"

"Who wins it then, Daddy?" asked Simon.

"Shet your mouth, you imperdent, slack-jawed dog! Your daddy's a-tryin' to give you some good advice, and you a-pickin' up his words in that way. I know'd a young man once when I lived in Ogletown, as went down to Agusty and sold a hundred dollars worth of his daddy's cotton, and some o' them gamblers got him to drinkin' and the very first night he was with 'em they got every red cent of his money."

"They couldn't git my money in a week," said Simon. "Anybody can git these here green fellows money; them's the sort I'm gwine to watch for myself. Here's what kin fix the papers as well as anybody."

"Well, it's no use to argify about the matter," said old Jedediah. "What saith the Scriptur'? 'He that begetteth a fool, doth it to his sorrow.' Hence, Simon, you're a poor miserable fool—so, cross your hands!"

"You'd jist as well not, daddy. I tell you, I'm a gwine to follow playin' cards for a livin', and what's the use o' bangin' a feller about it? I'm as smart as any o' 'em, and Bob Smith says them Agusty fellers can't make rent off o' me."

The reverend Mr. Suggs had, once in his life, gone to Augusta; an extent of travel which in those days was a little unusual. His consideration among his neighbors was considerably increased by the circumstance, as he had all the benefit of the popular inference, that no man could visit the city of Augusta without acquiring a vast superiority over all his untraveled neighbors, in every department of human knowledge. Mr. Suggs, then, very naturally, felt ineffably indignant that an individual who had never seen any collection of human habitations larger than a log-house village—an individual, in short, no other or better than Bob Smith—should venture to express an opinion concerning the manners, customs, or any thing else appertaining to, or in any wise connected with, the *ultima Thule* of backwoods Georgians. There were two propositions which witnessed their own truth to the mind of Mr. Suggs—the one was, that a man who had never been at Augusta could not know anything about that city, or any place or thing else; the other, that one who had been there must, of necessity, be not only well informed as to all things connected with the city itself, but perfectly au fait upon all subjects whatsoever. It was, therefore, in a tone of mingled indignation and contempt, that he replied to the last remark of Simon.

"Bob Smith says—does he? And who's Bob Smith? Much does Bob Smith know about Agusty! he's been thar, I reckon! Slipped off yearly some mornin', when no body warn't noticin', and got back afore night! It's only a hundred and forty mile. Oh, yes, Bob Smith knows all about it! I don't know nothin' about it! I ain't never been to Agusty! I couldn't find the road thar, I reckon—hal ha! Bob Smith!—the eternal stink! if he was only to see one o' them fine gentlemen in Agusty, with his fine broad-cloth and bell-crown hat, and shoe-boots a shinin' like silver, he'd take to the woods and kill himself a-runnin'! Bob Smith! that's whar all your devilment comes from, Simon."

"Bob Smith's as good as any body else, I judge; and a heap smarter than some. He showed me how to cut jack," continued Simon, "and that's more nor some people kin do, if they have been to Agusty."

"If Bob Smith kin do it," said the old man, "I kin too. I don't know it by that name; but if it's book knowledge or plain sense, and Bob kin do it, it's reasonable to s'pose that old Jedediah Suggs won't be bothered bad. Is it any ways similar to the rule of three, Simon?"

"Pretty much, daddy, but not adzactly," said Simon, drawing a rusty pack from his pocket to explain; "Now, daddy," he proceeded, "you see these here four cards is

what we call Jacks. Well, now, the idee is, if you'll take the deck and mix 'em all up together, I'll take off a passel from top, and the bottom one of them I take off will be one of the Jacks."

"Me to mix 'em fust," said old Jedediah.

"Yes."

"And you not to see but the back of the top one, when you go to 'cut,' as you call it?"

"Jist so, daddy."

"And the backs all jist as like as kin be?" said the senior Suggs, examining the cards.

"More like nor cow-peas," said Simon.

"It can't be done, Simon," observed the old man, with great solemnity.

"Bob Smith kin do it, and so kin I."

"It's agin nater, Simon; thar a't a man in Agusty, nor on top of the yeath that kin do it!"

"Daddy," said our hero, "ef you'll bet me—"

"What!" thundered old Mr. Suggs, "Bet, did you say?" and he came down with a *scorer*, across Simon's shoulders—

"me, Jedediah Suggs, that's been in the lord's service these twenty years—me bet, you nasty, sassy, triflin', ugly—"

"I didn't go to say that, daddy; that warn't what I meant, adzactly. I ment to say that ef you'd let me off from this here maulin' you owe me, and give me Bunch," ef I cut Jack, I'd give you all this here silver, ef I didn't—that's all. To be sure, I allers knowd you wouldn't bet."

Old Mr. Suggs ascertained the exact amount of the silver which his son handed him, in an old leathern pouch, for inspection. He also, mentally, compared that sum with an imaginary one, the supposed value of a certain Indian pony, called "Bunch," which he had bought for his "old woman's" Sunday riding, and which had sent the old lady into a fence corner, the first—and only—time she had ever mounted him. As he weighed the pecu h of silver in his hand, Mr. Suggs also endeavored to analyse the character of the transaction proposed by Symon. "It sartainly can't be nothin' but givin', no way it kin be twisted," he murmured to himself. "I know he can't do it, so there's no risk. What makes bettin' the risk. It's a one-sided business, and I'll jist let him give me all his money, and that'll put all his wild sportin' notions out of his head."

"Will you stand it, daddy?" asked Simon, by way of waking the old man up. "You mought as well, for the whippin' won't do you no good, and as for Bunch, nobody about the plantation won't ride him, but me."

"Simon," replied the old man, "I agree to it. Your old daddy is in a close place about payin' for his land; and this here money—it's jist eleven dollars, lackin' of twenty-five cents—will help out mighty. But mind, Simon, ef any thing's said about this, hereafter, remember, you give me the money."

"Very well, daddy, and ef the thing works up instid o' down, I s'pose we'll say you give me Bunch—eh?"

"You won't never be troubled to tell how you come by Bunch; the thing's agin nater, and can't be done. What old Jedediah Suggs knows, he knows as good as anybody. Give me them fixaments, Simon."

Our hero hands the cards to his father, who, dropping the plough-line with which he had intended to tie Simon's hands, turned his back to that individual, in order to prevent his witnessing the operation of *mixing*. He then sat down and very leisurely commenced shuffling the cards, making, however, an exceedingly awkward job of it. Restive kings and queens jumped from his hands, or obstinately refused to slide into the company of the rest of the pack. Occasionally, a sprightly knave would insist on facing his neighbor; or, pressing his edge against another's, half double himself up, and then slip away. But Elder Jedediah perseveringly continued his attempts to subdue the refractory, while heavy drops burst from his forehead and ran down his cheeks. All of a sudden, an idea, quick and penetrating as a rifle-ball, seemed to have entered the cranium of the old man. He chuckled audibly. The devil had suggested to Mr. Suggs an *impromptu*, "stock," which would place the chance of Simon—already sufficiently slim in the old man's opinion—without the range of possibility. Mr. Suggs forthwith proceeded to collect all the *pieter cards*—so as to be certain to include the *jacks*—and place them at the bottom; with the evident intention of keeping Simon's fingers above these when he should cut. Our hero, who was quietly looking over his father's shoulders all the time, did not seem alarmed by this disposition of the cards; on the contrary, he smiled as if he felt perfectly confident of success, in spite of it.

"Now, daddy," said Simon, when his father had announced himself ready, "nary one of us aint got to look at the cards, while I'm a cuttin'; if we do, it'll spile the conjuration."

"Very well."

"And another thing—you've got to look me right dead in the eye, daddy—will you?"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mr. Suggs; "fire away."

Simon walked up close to his father, and placed his hand on the deck. Old Mr. Suggs looked in Simon's eye, and Simon returned the look for about three seconds, during which a close observer might have detected a suspicious working of the wrist of the hand on the cards, but the elder Suggs did not remark it.

"Wake snakes! day's a brakin'! Rise Jack!" said Simon, cutting half a dozen cards from the top of the pack, and presenting the face of the bottom one for the inspection of his father.

It was the Jack of Hearts!

Old Mr. Suggs staggered back several steps, with uplifted eyes and hands!

"Marciful master!" he exclaimed, "ef the boy haint! well, how in the round creation of the—! Ben did you ever! to be sure and sartin, Satin has power on this yearth!" and Mr. Suggs groaned in heavy bitterness.

"You never seed nothin' like that in Agusty, did ye, daddy?" asked Simon with a malicious wink at Ben.

"Simon how did you do it?" queried the old man, without noticing his son's question.

"Do it, daddy? Do it? 'Taint nothin'. I done it jist as easy as—shootin'."

Whether this explanation was entirely, or in any degree, satisfactory to the perplexed mind of elder Jedediah Suggs, cannot after the lapse of time which has intervened, be sufficiently ascertained. It is certain, however, that he pressed the investigation no farther, but merely requested his son Benjamin to witness the fact that, in consideration of his love and affection for his son Simon, and in order to furnish the donee with the means of leaving that portion of the state of Georgia, he bestowed upon him the impracticable pony, "Bunch."

"Jist so, daddy; jist so; I'll witness that. But it m'inds me mighty of the way mammy give old Traller the side of bacon last week. She a-sweeping up the hat; the meat on the table—old Traller jumps up, gethers the bacon and darts, mammy arter him with the broom stick as fast as the door—but seein' the dog has got the start, she shakes the stick at him, and holters, 'You sassy aig-sukkin', roguish, gnaty, flop-eard varmint, take it along, take it along! I only wish 'twas full of a'snic and ox vomit and blue vitrol, so as to t'would cut your intrils into chitlins!—That's about the way you give Bunch to Simon."

It was evident to our hero that his father intended he should remain but one more night beneath the paternal roof. What mattered it to Simon?

He went home at night, curried and fed Bunch; whispered confidentially in his ear, that he was the "fastest piece of hoss-flesh, accordin' to size, that ever shaded the yearth;" and then busied himself in preparing for an early start on the morrow.

THE POLITICAL PRESS IN ENGLAND.—In proportion to the progress of liberal principles in England, has been the increase of the power of the press. A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from London, says on this subject:

"In enumerating the governing powers of England, you have not done when you have mentioned king, lords, and commons. The press is to be named, and that not at the tail of the list. The press has outgrown the power of what is called the government, to control it, either by fear or favor. Look at the Times newspaper, with a net revenue equal to that of a third-rate European potentate. Ministers have bribed it until it is beyond the reach of their pribery. They look up to it with fear and trembling, and a degree of humble obedience. It is the voice of the most vigorous intellects of England, saying what will be most likely to find an echo in the breasts of one hundred thousand independent Englishmen, as they swallow their buttered toast and boiled eggs. Look at Punch, too, with wit and wisdom enough to insure him a hundred patents of immortality. He governs a great part of England very much for its good. The Pecksnuffs of the land take hints from him, much to the benefit of their dupes. Hence, one may conclude that England is growing, and has grown wiser, and, of course, happier. Yet, if one were to ask himself to write down the folly, and the humbug, and unhappiness of England, it would be difficult to decide where to begin, and quite impossible to end."

The National Intelligencer is quoting Col. Benton's speeches in answer to the arguments of the Globe in favor of annexation! Is the Intelligencer coming over to Benton, or Benton going over to the Intelligencer?—[Nashville Union.

DEATH.—He that is well prepared for the great journey, cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep for his departure.

"Are you injured, madam?" asked a gentleman of a lady whom he saw fall on the ice. "O, no, thanks to my bishop," was the reply.

## DRUNKENNESS.

BY I. RAY, M. D.

Before we can properly appreciate the legal consequence of drunkenness, it is necessary to understand its immediate and remote effects on the mind, and the organism with which it is connected. Correct information of this kind will enable us to avoid many of the prevalent errors that have arisen from vague and imperfect notions respecting the nature of drunkenness. For the following account, we are chiefly indebted to Hoffbauer and Marnish.

The first effect of alcoholic liquors is to exalt the general sentiment of self-satisfaction, and diffuse an unusual serenity over the mind. The intellectual as well as physical powers act with a little increase of vigor and activity, the thoughts flow with more facility and accuracy, and the individual becomes perfectly well pleased with himself and others. He feels an exhilaration of spirits, a sense of warmth and gaiety, and his imagination is crowded with delightful images. The sight and hearing are very slightly affected; a low, humming sound is heard in the passages of the conversation, and objects are enveloped in a slight mist which prevents them from being seen distinctly. Thus far there is no appearance of drunkenness. Soon the torrent of his ideas becomes more rapid and violent, and he can scarcely repress them. This is the moment of his happiest sallies, and he pours forth his thoughts with a force of expression and richness of conception unknown in his sober hours, and now he feels the ecstatic pleasures of getting drunk. As yet the brain is in tolerable order, but a great effort is necessary to relate a story or transaction at all complicated in its details, for the thoughts succeed one another too rapidly to allow sufficient time to arrange them in the order that the recital requires. This is the first well marked symptom of intoxication. Now his ideas succeed one another with constantly increasing force and rapidity; his sensations lose their ordinary delicacy; and his imagination gains as fast as they lose. His language is, in some respects, more ornate and poetical, though he now feels an irresistible propensity to talk nonsense, and is perfectly conscious, all the while, that it is nonsense. His voice is louder, because he hears less acutely, and judges of the hearing of others by his own. At this height, his imagination is filled by strange and queer images, and he is conscious, if so it may be called, of a sense of oppression and gloominess in his head. His perceptions of colors, forms, distance, and numbers become utterly confused; he confounds one person with another; the candles burn all colors in succession, and are multiplied fourfold; and in stretching forth his glass to set it on the table, he lets it go before reaching its edge. He is apt to imagine he has offended some one, and shows a ludicrous anxiety to apologize, or that he has been offended, and fixes upon some one as the object of his maledictions, perhaps his blows. Judging from his discourse, his ideas begin to want connexion, notwithstanding their vivacity, but this vivacity and rapidity of his ideas give his passions an insurmountable power against which reason has nothing to oppose, and unless some accident turn him from their object, he is hurried on wherever they impel him. Soon his tongue stammers, and his voice gets thick; his legs falter, he falls from his seat, and is plunged into a profound sleep, in which the manifestation of his physical and intellectual powers is completely extinguished. In this condition, he is said to be dead drunk. Such is the ordinary course of a fit of drunkenness, but it sometimes varies more or less, with the temperament or habits of the individual, and the attending circumstances.

Such is the immediate effect of drunkenness on the mind; we have now to show how the long continued use of alcoholic liquors affects the moral and intellectual powers. Except in some happily-organized natures, the original delicacy and acuteness of the moral perceptions are invariably blunted; the relations of neighbor, citizen, father, spouse, have lost their accustomed place in his thoughts, great moral interests no longer obtain a strong hold on his attention; the voice of distress is apt to fall on his ear like an unmeaning sound; and the finer emotions of the soul, which will occasionally be felt by the least cultivated minds, have entirely deserted his nature. The injury sustained by the intellect is more obvious, if not deplorable. The course of the ideas is sluggish, and they want their former force and brilliancy; the mind has lost its comprehensive power of grasp, and experiences a difficulty in seizing the relations of one idea to another; it is incapable of the long continued efforts which were once easy; and of concentrating the whole force of its faculties on the subjects submitted to its examination. The consequence is, that the brain having been so much accustomed to artificial stimulus, according to a well-known law of the animal economy, becomes incapable of an effort without the aid of this stimulus, which is necessary to the

performance of even its most ordinary exercise. Drinking is thus made an indispensable habit, and by this means, the tame, cold, and lifeless being, as if touched by a spark of Promethean fire, is converted into the animated, sociable, and efficient man of his latter days. Sheridan never spoke in the House of Commons without the inspiration of half a pint of brandy, and numberless are the heroes of the buskin and the sock, who require to be wound up, as it were to a certain pitch, by artificial stimulus, before they venture to undertake the labors of the night. This account of the pathological effects of drunkenness would be incomplete without some mention of a curious disease to which it often leads, called *delirium tremens*, or *mania a pota*. It may be the immediate effect of an excess, or series of excesses, in these who are not habitually intemperate, as well as in those who are; but it most commonly occurs in habitual drinkers, after a few days total abstinence from spirituous liquors. It is also very liable to occur in this latter case when laboring under other diseases, or severe external injuries that give rise to any degree of constitutional disturbance. The approach of the disease is generally indicated by a slight tremor and fluttering of the hands and lower extremities, a tremulousness of the voice, a certain restlessness and sense of anxiety which the patient knows not how to describe or account for, disturbed sleep, and impaired appetite. These symptoms having continued two or three days, at the end of which time they have obviously increased in severity, the patient ceases to sleep altogether, and soon becomes delirious. At first, the delirium is not constant, the mind wandering during the night, but during the day when its attention is fixed, capable of rational discourse. It is not long, however, before it becomes constant, and constitutes a prominent feature of the disease. This state of watchfulness and delirium continues three or four days, when, if the patient recovers, it is succeeded by sleep, which, at first, appears in uneasy and irregular naps, and lastly in long, sound, refreshing slumbers. When sleep does not supervene about this period, the disease is fatal; and whether subjected to medical treatment, or left to itself, neither its symptoms nor duration are materially modified.

ORIGINS.—There is but little doubt that the United States are destined ultimately to command all the trade in the Indian and China seas. The supply of cotton in the United States, including Texas, is far beyond what the wants of Europe require. The wants of China are, however, such as will absorb almost a limitless quantity. The cotton goods manufactured in the United States already supersede those of all other countries in those markets, and American lead has entirely supplanted the English. The English Government hope, by commanding the exclusive route to China over Egypt, by the way of the Nile and the Isthmus of Suez, (to effect which a negotiation is now pending between that Power and the Pacha,) to obtain news several weeks earlier than it can be had in the United States; an advantage which will give her merchants control of the markets. This diplomacy may succeed temporarily in this, but the march of events will ultimately give the United States the mastery. Her population is pushing, with a vigorous, rapid and unceasing march, along a line twelve hundred miles in extent, westward, towards the shores of the Pacific. The occupation of the vast territory known as the Oregon, is already going forward, and twenty years will not have elapsed before a powerful State will have sprung up on the shores of the Pacific. The great tract of the Oregon is drained by the Columbia River and the San Francisco, which debouch upon the ocean at a point six days, by steam, distant from the Sandwich Islands—a group the independence of which is guaranteed—whose population is 100,000, mostly Americans; the surface 8,000 square miles; of a soil the most fruitful, and a climate unsurpassed in salubrity.—These islands are situated in the middle of the Pacific, on the great highway from Oregon to China. The great whale fishery of these regions is conducted mostly by Americans, numbering two hundred vessels, whose annual product is about \$5,000,000. This fleet in the summer months cruises between the islands and the coast of Japan, for sperm whale, and carry on a large trade in furs, etc., which are now sold in China, and the proceeds, in tea, sent home to the United States. The whole of this vast trade and that of China, via the Sandwich Islands, will be commanded by the State of Oregon. Those persons are now living who will see a Railroad connecting New York with the Pacific, and a steam communication from Oregon to China. For the last three centuries, the civilized world has been reeling westward, and Americans of the present age will complete the circle, and open a Western steam route to the East. [Hunt's Merchant's Magazine.